

# Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Fourpence

30th July, 1960

## LORD MAYOR'S COACH IN THE GREENYARD

What happens to the gorgeous golden coach of the Lord Mayor of London when not in use?

Hundreds of London school-children have learned the answer, for a visit to the City Greenyard in Whitecross Street, where it has long been kept, has been the object of many popular outings.

The present Greenyard is to be demolished and rebuilt as part of the great Barbican scheme for a self-contained community in the heart of the City. So a temporary home is to be found for the coach at the premises of Messrs Whitbread in nearby Chiswell Street.

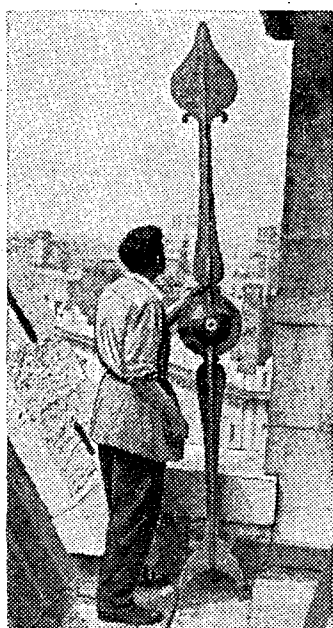
The City Greenyard, which is a kind of Lost Property Office, was established in the 15th century. In those days it was simply an

enclosure—probably a patch of grass with a railing round it—for cattle, sheep, and pigs found wandering in the streets. Nowadays, it is used mainly for cars which the police have removed to prevent obstruction of the traffic.

"All policemen know where the nearest Greenyard is," said Mr. Stanley Burbidge, the Greenyard Keeper. "They will bring any stray animal to me and I have to know how to handle all sorts of creatures. In the past few years we have had monkeys, chimps, budgerigars, and even pigs. I had a lame horse brought here not long ago."

The City has altered much since stray pigs were often seen in its streets. Nevertheless, the splendid Lord Mayor's coach still has some strange companions from time to time and no doubt will continue to have them when it reaches its new home in the Barbican.

### Big Hand

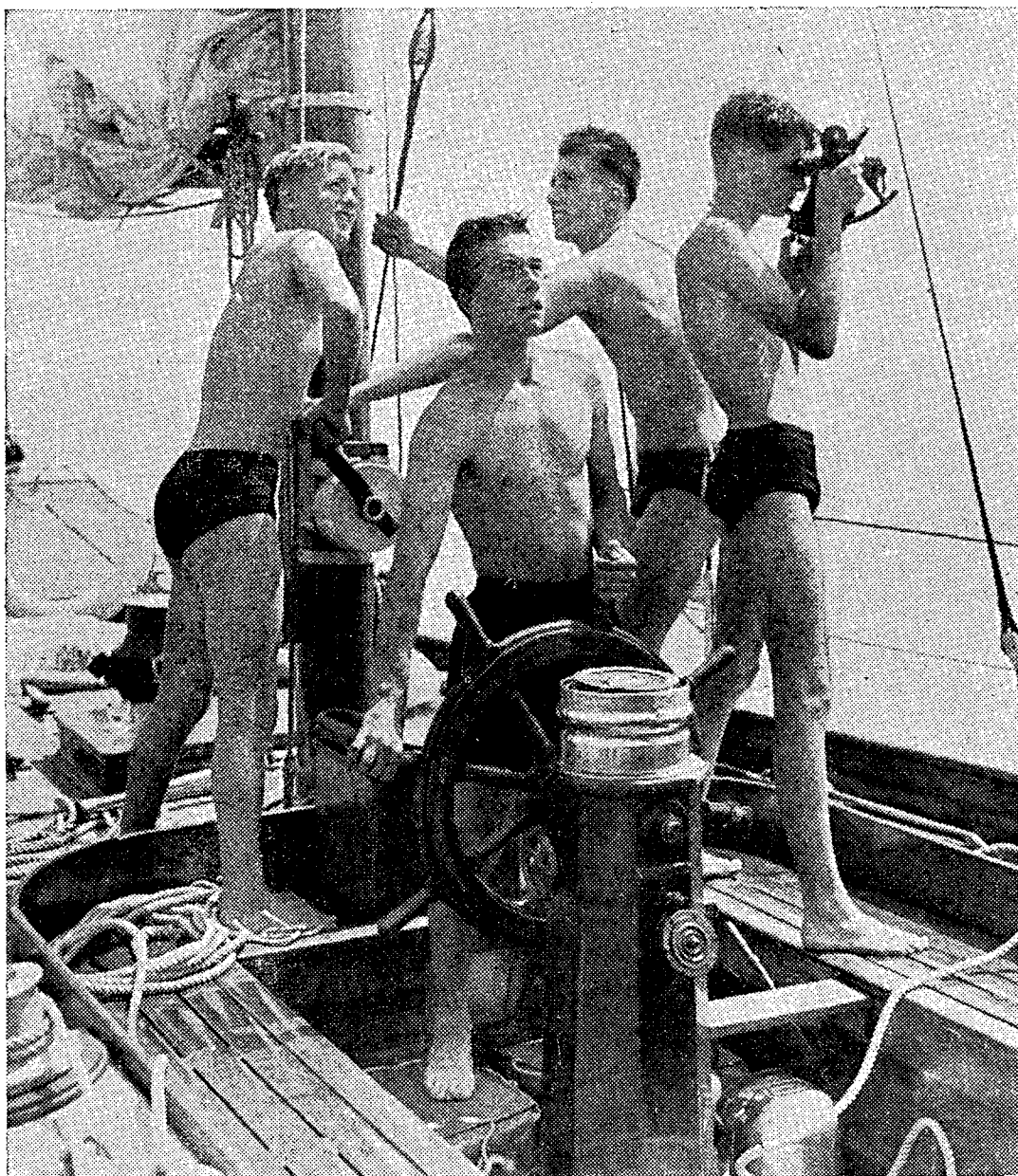


The Westminster Abbey clock is having its first complete overhaul since it was made nearly a hundred years ago. Here we see a workman with one of the ten-foot hands.

### Boiled eggs—hard

One of the world's most celebrated cooks, Alfred Walterspiel, has died, leaving 3,000 cookery books. In one, beside a chapter on boiled eggs, he had written: "A dish too complicated for me. No two people like their eggs boiled for the same time."

## YOUTH ON THE YAWL



Here are some of the crew of the Nordwind, an 84-ton yawl which took part in this year's International Sail Training Race, from Oslo to Ostend. Seventeen senior Sea Scouts and Sea Rovers from all over Britain were picked to man her.

## Snake man of Dorset

Mr. Arthur Hayman, a retired accountant of Poole, spends much of the Summer months in an unusual pursuit—travelling the heathlands of Dorset in search of the venomous adder, or viper.

Mr. Hayman, who is 71, has caught nearly 5,400 of these reptiles—more than anyone else in Britain—since he began snake-hunting almost 50 years ago. In all those years of catching and handling snakes, he has never been bitten.

From time to time Mr. Hayman

has come across a specimen of particular interest, and this has been given to a zoo, museum, or school. Some, he has been able to train so that they merely coiled themselves round his wrist instead of trying to bite, and some have even found their way into his pockets.

Generally, however, Mr. Hayman destroys the adder, which can bring death to domestic animals, though its bite is seldom fatal to humans unless they are very young children or in bad health.

## NEW MAST FOR DISCOVERY

### Steel covered with fir

That fine old ship, H.M.S. *Discovery*, which has long been one of the sights of London, has been given a new mainmast of steel.

Some months ago the vessel left her Thames Embankment moorings and went to Chatham for the overhaul which is carried out on her every four years. While the rigging was being dismantled the mainmast broke, and to replace

it with a mast of Douglas fir would have taken far too long. So it was decided to make a replacement of steel.

A tube of steel only five-sixteenths-of-an-inch thick was made and round it was glued a covering of Douglas fir. This new mast looks exactly like the old one which was there when *Discovery* took Scott to the Antarctic nearly 60 years ago.

## Rosemary Down by the Riverside

Britain's newest recording success, Rosemary Lane, is a 13-year-old schoolgirl from Willesden, London.

Her success with *Down By The Riverside*, came as no real surprise to her parents, who have been

numbers among her past pupils Dickie Valentine and Craig Douglas.

The recording contract with Philips came after Rosemary's success in an all-London talent contest, where she was placed third. Despite all the excitement about her new disc, her parents have made it clear that nothing must stand in the way of Rosemary's education. So later in the year she will go to Harrow Art School, where she will work hard to improve her painting, a subject in which this bright young schoolgirl also excels.



well aware of their daughter's singing talents since she made her first public appearance at the age of four. Rosemary began singing lessons at the Italia Conti Stage School but at present she is being coached by Mabel Corran, who

## Royal Eisteddfod

The Queen's visit to Cardiff with Prince Philip next week marks the first occasion on which a reigning monarch has attended the Royal National Eisteddfod, being held from the 1st to 6th August.

This year's Bardic Crown is made of fine silver and is decorated with the traditional Druidic symbols of acorns and oak leaves.

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# Labour Party and its Famous Clause 4

By the CN Political Correspondent

This is an age of "revisionism". The word simply means revising or reconsidering political ideas which may have become out of date.

Political parties everywhere, in the East as well as the West, are now trying to adjust themselves to new conditions—to the consequences of two world wars, of nuclear power, electronics, and new discoveries in medicine.

Such things all mean changes in the thoughts of people and in their way of life. And just as people change so we must expect political parties and governments and their policies to change also.

To many people's surprise the executive committee of the Labour Party recently decided against changing its official attitude to nationalisation. The decision follows a long dispute about the proposed revision of Clause 4 of the party's constitution.

The Labour Party was founded in 1900, though it did not formally take that name until nearly six years later. It was to be a partnership of trade unions and socialist societies. A chief aim was to help to build a better world and, to that end, to ensure that labour was better represented in Parliament.

## A 'national' party

At first there were long arguments about whether the new party should represent only the "working-class" and send only working-class M.P.s to Westminster. The 129 delegates who attended that foundation meeting decided that the party must be open to all classes—a "national" party, in fact as well as in theory.

It was in 1918 that the Labour Party's constitution, as we know it today, was drafted. The famous

Clause 4 of this constitution reads:

*To secure for the workers by hand or by brain the full fruits of their industry and the most equitable distribution thereof that may be possible, upon the basis of the common ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, and the best obtainable system of popular administration and control of each industry or service.*

## Sacred principle

The words "distribution and exchange" were added in 1929. The clause thus gave a future Labour Government the authority of the party to take over every privately-owned industry in Britain. In the view of many Socialists, all such nationalised industries and services should be run by the workers themselves.

Whatever political opponents may say about all this, or however divided on details members of the Labour Party may be, once this clause had been written into the constitution it became for Socialists a sacred principle. For them it was more than a policy; it was an expression of faith.

So say those who now have saved Clause 4 from revision.

It was certainly regarded as a sacred principle in 1945, when the Labour Government under Mr. Attlee came to power with a large majority. They immediately proceeded to nationalise the coal industry, the Bank of England (in Clause 4 the word "exchange" is used in the sense of finance), the cable and wireless services and the railways.

The private enterprises which distribute our goods were not nationalised, but a national health service was set up (another form of nationalisation) and a big land reform was put in hand which fell just short of land nationalisation. Legal steps were taken to nationalise Britain's steel industry, but when the Conservative Government returned to power in 1951 they "de-nationalised" it.

## Lost elections

Labour men have been among those who say nationalisation has not produced the benefits expected of it. Many of them, too, have tried to link the "failure" of nationalisation with the fact that, following a drastic cut in their parliamentary majority at the 1950 General Election, the Labour Party lost the 1951, 1955, and 1959 elections.

After the last election defeat the party executives adopted a new form of words. This broadly proclaimed belief in both private enterprise and public ownership.

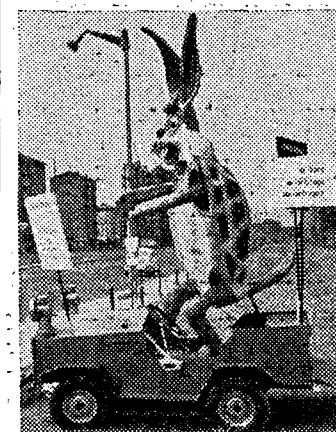
Now the executive has returned from this revised version of Clause 4 to the original wording. The party conference will make its views known to the leadership when it meets in the Autumn.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Over seventy Guides from ten overseas countries will be guests of British Guides in camp at Donnington Castle, Newbury, this weekend.

Last Autumn a Spaniard attached a message to one of three swallows which nested every year in his porch. He wanted to know where they spent the Winter. This year the bird brought a reply recording that it had wintered with a blacksmith on Grand Canary Island.

## Safety mixture



A weird figure by the roadside warns Milan drivers against the dangers of excessive speed. Notices on the little car announce: "Hasten Slowly". "Neither hare nor tortoise but tortoise-hare."

An American geologist prospecting for oil on a Canadian Arctic island has found documents placed in cairns over 100 years ago by a party searching for the explorer Sir John Franklin.

## NEAR THING

Paratrooper Ralph Cate of Gosport, whose parachute failed to open over Lüneburg Heath, Germany, released his reserve parachute only 75 feet from the ground and escaped with a broken leg.

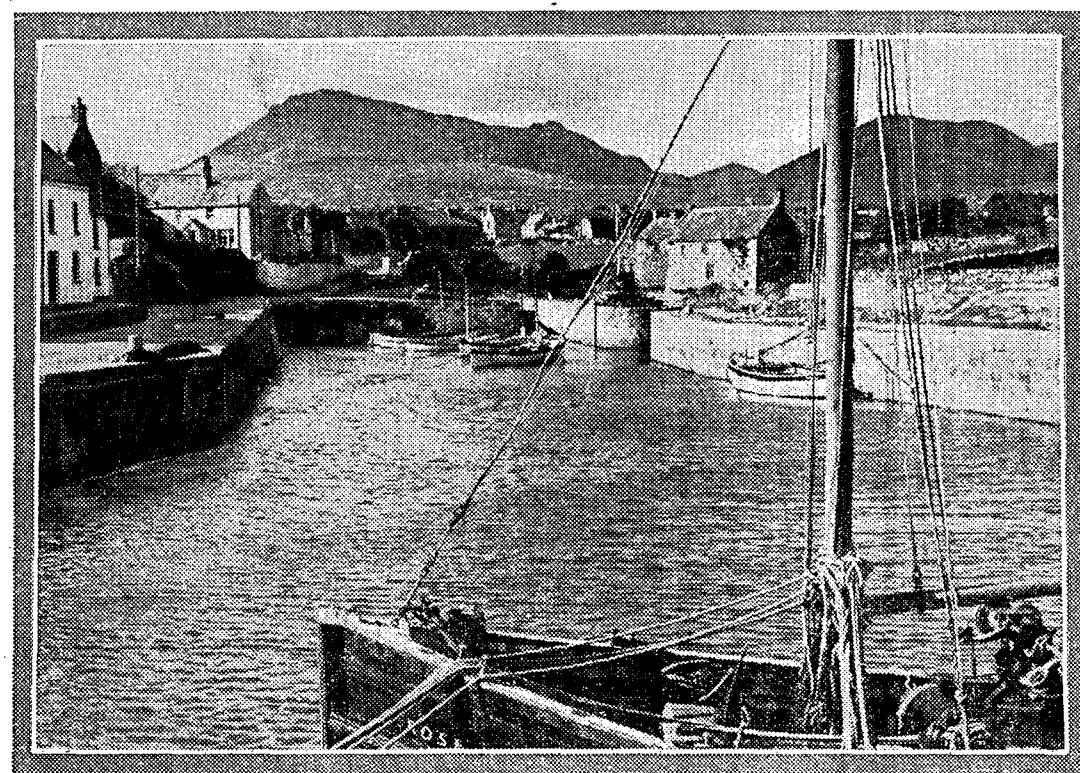
Sixteen-year-old Ysra Lannert took a British cycling proficiency certificate and pennant home with her when she returned to her native Finland recently. She passed the test set at Hove.

## NEW FERRIES FOR OLD

The four paddle steamers of the Woolwich free ferry on the Thames are to be replaced by three diesel-engined boats each capable of carrying twice as many cars. The three old steamers of the Gravesend-Tilbury service are also to be replaced.

## THEY SAY...

My first swim for 20 years. An 80-year-old Australian after saving her grandson from drowning.



OUR HOMELAND

Annalong, Co. Down, a pretty fishing village from which dressed granite is exported.

# The Gay Princess



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## TALKING PLANES

The "voice flight" of the R.A.F. in Malaya recently made its 10,000th broadcast. Each of the planes carries four loudspeakers mounted under its belly, and flying low and very slowly over the jungle, plays a tape recording of its message.

The aircraft used are Dakotas flown at 2,500 feet and at almost stalling speed to reduce engine noise. The loudspeakers' range is 2,500 yards, and the voice speaks in low, measured tones for a period of 30 seconds. Every word is heard clearly on the ground.

The planes have broadcast to terrorists, calling on them to surrender, have given messages to Army patrols, and not long ago made an appeal to Malayan Aborigines for information about a spotter aircraft that was thought to have crash-landed in the interior. Hundreds of replies came from the primitive jungle-dwellers who had heard the appeal in their own language.

## Toad in the cellar

For 20 years Riccomini, a toad, has lived in the cellar in a farm at Tenterden, Kent. But Riccomini had to wait until the other day before he went to school. He was wanted for a natural history exhibition at a Cranbrook school, and the family pet was carried there in a plastic bag.

Riccomini has the house cellar all to himself and lives on a diet of flies.

## House in the Clouds



This strange dwelling facing the sea at Thorpeness, Suffolk, is known locally as the House in the Clouds.

## LONG FLIGHT

A petrel recovered from the water at Albany, Western Australia, bore a tag marked "Inform Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, British Museum of Natural History, London." The bird must have flown 12,000 miles.

## Free trips to Ceylon

A big adventure awaits the four young winners of this year's Brooke Bond National Travel Scholarships. They are due to leave by Comet from London Airport on 2nd August for 16 days in Ceylon.

The winners are Angela Gallon, aged 18, of Reading; James Malpress, 15, of Belfast, who won travel scholarships with paintings; and May Jones, of Aberystwyth, and Andrew Gilliam, of Guernsey, both 17, with essays.

The sightseeing of Ceylon will include ancient cities in the jungle, a tea estate 6,000 feet up in the mountains, and the annual Buddhist Festival at Kandy.

## New Ship for the Sea Rangers

Princess Margaret, the Chief Ranger, is to name the Sea Rangers' new training ship at Dartmouth on 28th July. The vessel served in the Royal Navy as a motor anti-submarine boat.

One important item is being transferred to the new vessel from a former motor-torpedo boat. This is a piece of bulkhead bearing the signatures of the Queen and Princess Margaret written during their week's seamanship training on board in 1946.

The new boat, like the old one, is on permanent loan from the Admiralty.

## Posted from the driver's seat



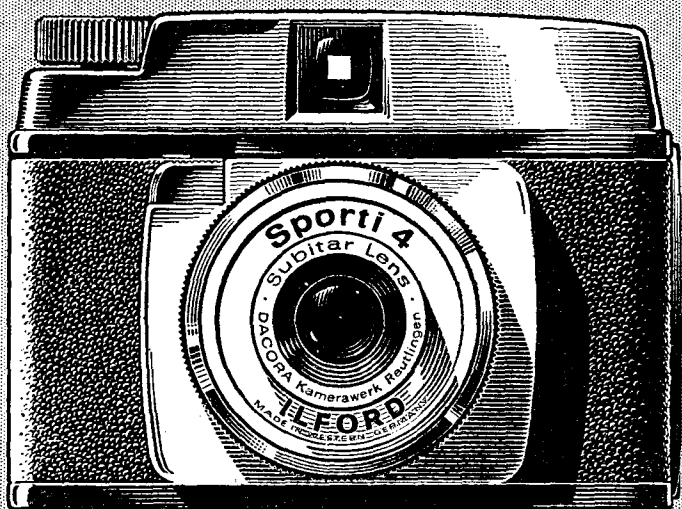
The Post Office authorities are trying a new service of special use to motorists. At Luton, Bedfordshire, they have set up a frame which contains a letter box and slot machines delivering stamps, stamped envelopes, letter-cards, and postal orders. The machines are interchangeable and others, delivering different items, could be put in if needed.

## For model-makers

Plastic modellers everywhere will be interested in the new monthly magazine *Airfix*. Profusely illustrated, it deals with every aspect of their fascinating hobby, and welcomes letters and photographs from readers.

*Airfix* is obtainable for a shilling from model shops and from Woolworth's.

# SPOT ON with the ILFORD Sporti 4



This new 'Sporti 4' is certainly some camera. A really smart job, strongly made, with a big eye-level viewfinder. Even if you've never had a camera before, you can't go wrong with the Ilford 'Sporti 4'. In daylight, set the aperture to SUNNY or CLOUDY and squeeze the button.

And you can easily take flash pictures, too, with the 'Sporti 4'. You get twelve pictures from every roll of 127 film. Spot-on—every time. What a wonderful present the 'Sporti' would make! Or you could soon save your pocket money and buy it yourself—it'll give you a lifetime of fun, and it costs so little.

## ILFORD SELOCHROME PAN

That's the film to ask for—whether you have a 'Sporti 4' or any other roll-film camera. Selochrome Pan is the all-purpose film made by Ilford, who also make the special films for nuclear research. So remember always to say "Ilford Selochrome Pan, please".

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# TEENAGERS PUT THE QUESTIONS

CRESSIDA GAITSKELL, 17-year-old daughter of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, makes her radio debut this week. She is one of the teenage panel in Peter Haigh's new quiz programme, *Let's Find Out*, beginning in the Light this Thursday.

Her companions are Charles Posner (16) of Golders Green, London, who is still at school, 17-year-old schoolgirl Heather Johnson of Wicken, Bonhurst, Essex, and 18-year-old Barrie Wood, of Stepney, London, who works in an insurance office.

The young people were chosen after lengthy auditions. Each week the panel, which may be changed slightly from time to time, will put questions to two distinguished personalities about the work they do. "On the spot" in the first programme will be

Professor A. C. B. Lovell, Director of the Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, and Ngaio Marsh, the celebrated crime novelist.

Peter Haigh, who acts as chairman, had the idea for the series two years ago. "Adult viewers and listeners have the *Brains Trust*," he said. "I felt there ought to be a similar programme for the teenager."

## Girl in a hundred

If you watch television in East Anglia you have now probably met "the girl in a hundred." She is 20-year-old Valerie Oldfield, chosen as woman announcer, mainly for children's programmes, from among 100 applicants.

Valerie was a secretary in Anglia Television's Norwich offices. In the final audition, which was narrowed down to 22, she was the only member of Anglia staff still in the running.



**PROGRAMMES  
and PEOPLE on  
TV and RADIO  
by  
Ernest Thomson**

## Wilfred Pickles dresses the part

MEN of British Railways' locomotive power depot in York have helped to fit out Wilfred Pickles with the right clothes for a television part as an engine driver. This is for a B.B.C. play on 2nd August, *Someone To Talk To*, specially written for Wilfred by a Peterborough schoolmaster, John Hynam.

Wilfred was so anxious to "look right" that he got in touch with the railway authorities. They have found him a kit which has been well-used by an actual driver. It includes a driver's tea can and "bait tin" (as Yorkshire drivers call their lunch tin), and the sponge cloth for wiping oil off his hands.

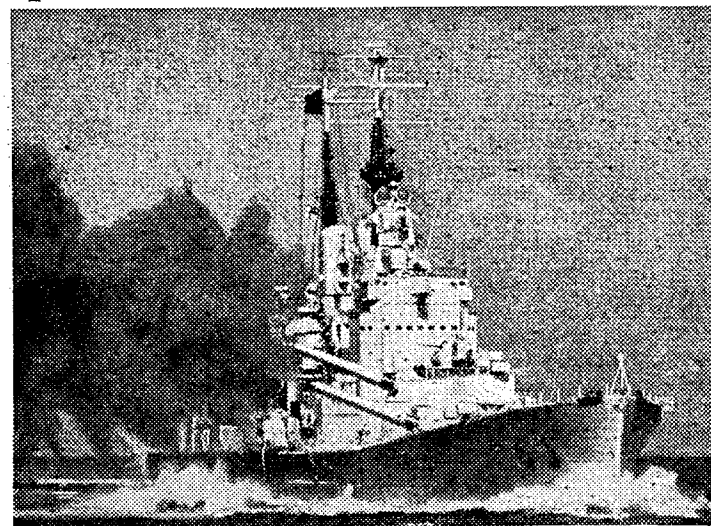
# Battleships in action

FROM the reign of the first Queen Elizabeth until five or six years ago the battleship was the pride of the Royal Navy. Now it has yielded pride of place to the aircraft carrier. *Vanguard*, Britain's last and greatest battleship, which never fired a shot in anger, will soon go to the breaker's yard.

The story of the battleship is to be told in a stirring programme to be shown on B.B.C. television on Friday.

Viewers will see film of battleships in action. Peter Stone, who directs the programme, has collected exciting sequences from British, German, and American sources. We can see *Warspite* at Narvik, the *Bismarck* action, the attack on *Tirpitz*, the loss of *Barham*, *Scharnhorst's* escape up the Channel, and the battle of Midway Island, between the U.S. fleet and the Japanese.

One of the speakers will be



A salvo from the Vanguard

By courtesy of the Admiralty

Admiral of the Fleet Sir George World War II. He knows *Vanguard* well; he flew his flag in her as C-in-C. Portsmouth.

## Training a guard dog

THE Airedale, Dobermann, and Labrador are all good guard dogs, but why is the Alsatian prized for this work above them all? The answer comes out in B.B.C. television this Wednesday in the first of a new *Good Companions* series.

The film cameras paid a visit to the Glasgow Police Force to see how dogs and horses are trained.

The demonstration includes a dog chasing a criminal in a river and another working with the crew of a squad car.

We can also watch police horses helping to control crowds, and a demonstration of how they are schooled to resist noise and the pressure of a big crowd.

## MISPLACED COMMA EARNS ROUND-THE-WORLD TRIP

A PRINTER'S reader spots a comma in the wrong place. It saves his boss, a publisher, from being faced with a libel action and perhaps the loss of a lot of money. The publisher is so grateful that he rewards the reader with a trip round the world.

The reader is Hiram Holliday, and he is the hero of a new daily film series beginning in B.B.C. TV at 6.50 p.m. next Tuesday. Hiram is played by Wally Cox, a well-known American television actor and sportsman.

Hiram's adventures rival those of Phileas Fogg in Jules Verne's *Around The World in Eighty Days*. Because Hiram is a proof-

reader, his knowledge is encyclopedic. He is able to cope with the most taxing situations. He can best a master swordsman, surprise a champion wrestler with vice-like holds, subdue water-front thugs with a few quick judo tricks, and even tame a snarling lion.

## Chance for Home Grown talent

YOUNG people carried off most of the prizes in Southern Television's recent *Home Grown* regional talent show. This should be a fine incentive for teenagers who fancy their chances in the next series. Programme Controller Roy Rich will begin auditions in August. Applications for auditions should be in before next Saturday, 30th July, addressed to *Home Grown*, Southern Television, Northam, Southampton.

The first prize of £100 for the third series was won this July by a group of youngsters, mostly from Sittingbourne, Kent, calling themselves the Tuxedo Jazz Band. With the money they are buying themselves new uniforms—tuxedos, of course. The second prize was won by the Ramsgate Junior Accordion Band, whose average age is only 14.

## 700 singers on your screen

How many singers can be got on the TV screen at once? Seven hundred must be a record. That is the claim made by T.W.W. (South Wales and West of England I.T.V.) for *Hymns Of Praise*, the programme they are offering their viewers on Sunday, 7th August. This is an outside broadcast video-taped recently at Llanelly. Welsh hymns were sung by the 700 members of 14 choirs.

## Sketch Club on show in airline office

BETWEEN now and Saturday, Londoners have a chance to see the B.B.C. Sketch Club exhibition on view at the Piccadilly gallery of Qantas, the Australian Overseas Airline. The display was opened earlier this month by Mr. Owen Reed, head of B.B.C. Junior TV.

By visiting the show you can also get an insight into the workings of this famous airline. Qantas has set up exhibition centres in many parts of the world for showing paintings, photographs, and architectural designs associated with the countries which it serves.



Seven-year-old Michael Peacock of Sanderstead, Surrey, with his self-portrait which is in the Sketch Club exhibition.

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The Children's Newspaper, 30th July, 1960

# Pete the Penguin arrives by taxi

AN interesting new arrival at London Zoo is Pete, a young black-footed or Cape penguin.

"Pete, who is about seven months old, was rescued in Cape Town docks," a Zoo official told me. "He was found in a fender lying alongside the s.s. City of Durban."

"At first Pete was in a very bad way. His plumage was sadly oiled, and it took several days to clean him. When finally presentable, Pete was allowed to go for a daily swim in the ship's 18-foot-long swimming pool. The main trouble here was to get him to come out. They usually managed it by showing him the fire hydrant used for giving him showers, which he very much enjoyed."

"On the voyage home he was given salmon, mackerel, or any

## Just a big lizard



Roger Ainsley, a reptile keeper at the Chester Zoo, has an iguana, or South American lizard, as a pet. It was six inches long when he bought it. It is now four feet long and still growing.

other luxury fish that happened to be going. He is now so attached to these rich foods that we shall probably have a little trouble in getting him on to more ordinary fare, such as herrings and whiting.

"Incidentally, Pete must be the only penguin ever to arrive at the Zoo in a taxi. He was brought by a cadet-officer from the liner."

## Schoolboy to the rescue

OTHER newcomers to the Zoo are three young Greater Spotted woodpeckers, a gift from a south London lady, Mrs. Sylvester. She and her family were camping near Box Hill when they found the mother woodpecker lying dead at the foot of a tree—apparently shot by an airgun. A clamour from the tree above prompted Mr. Sylvester to climb up. He found the baby woodpeckers inside the trunk, but as the hole to the nest was too small for him to pass his hand through he sent his 7½-year-old son Robert up.

The birds were taken home and fed every four hours on bread-and-milk—with an eye-dropper. Later, they were weaned

## WHO'S WHO at the ZOO

on to worms, ants, and other insects.

"We now have these three orphans in the bird house," said an official. "They are thriving so well that we hope shortly to be able to transfer them all to an outdoor aviary. They are the first of their kind we have had on show for some years."

## Babies by the thousand

IN a large sea-water tank at the aquarium, baby octopuses are now hatching out—by the thousand!

The eggs were laid in a crevice of the rocks a few weeks ago by a large octopus from Madeira. They resemble little grains of rice and are in the form of long strings. There are so many that at times they look like a small cloud.

"These infants measure only about one-eighth-of-an-inch. But we are trying hard to rear them," an official told me. "Prospects are not too favourable. The job is to provide them with food tiny enough for them to take, and of the right quality. Unfortunately, we shall probably also lose the mother octopus shortly. The effort of hatching out so many offspring seems too much for most octopus mothers. They rarely take any food during the incubation period, and usually die from sheer exhaustion as soon as their eggs are hatched."

## Keepers raise family of 300

KEEPERS of the Zoo's insect section have a tricky task on their hands just now. They are trying to act as "foster-mothers" to a newly-hatched brood of some 300 Moroccan hunting spiders.

"Soon after we placed her on exhibition here in April," said Mr. George Ashby, overseer of the insect section, "the mother spider produced a cocoon, or egg-cluster, which she dragged around between her hind-legs."

"The other day the cocoon hatched and the 300 babies were then carried around on her back. Each about the size of a pin's head, the babies clung on so tightly that not one was lost."

"But the other morning we found the mother lying dead on the sandy floor of the cage—with all the tiny spiders still clinging to her. With great care (and a good deal of patience!) we removed them all to a glass container in the laboratory, where we are now trying to get them to feed on aphids and other minute insects—a difficult, not to say laborious job."

CRAVEN HILL

# Ask Mr. THERM!

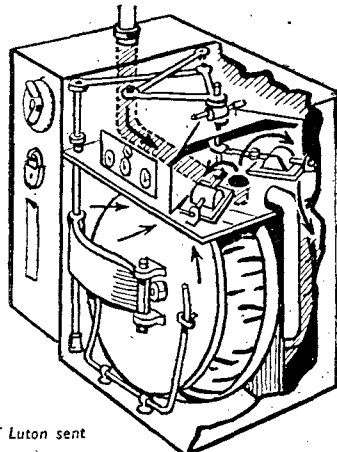
## SEND A QUESTION AND WIN TWO BOOK TOKENS



Lots of people are interested in answers to interesting questions, and on this page are three of the sort Mr. Therm is always being asked. Can you think of a good question? Write it on a plain postcard, with your full name, address, and age, then send it to Mr. Therm's Mailbag No. 10, c/o Children's Newspaper, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Each week Mr. Therm will award two-guinea Book Tokens for each of the three best questions for answering. If more than one of you send the same questions, the first received will be chosen.

## HOW DOES A GAS METER WORK?



Barbara Rickards of Luton sent this question.

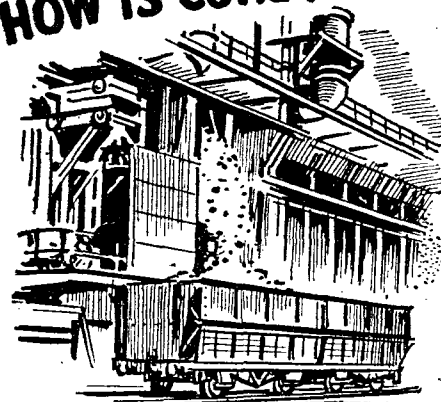
Gas could come straight from the mains into your gas-cooker or water-heater. But then no one would have any idea how much gas each house used, and the gas company would find it difficult to work out what to charge you. So between the mains and your stove stands a little half-way house, the gas meter.

Some gas meters only work when money is put into them, like the one in our illustration. Others just record the amount of gas you use. In this case, the bill is sent to your home four times a year. But whichever sort you have, the principle is the same. On the left is a pipe which brings the gas into the house from the mains. In a slot meter this intake will only open when a coin—usually a shilling—is put in.

The gas, shown by arrows in our drawing, goes into a valve chamber (top right) and down through two intakes into the large chamber below. Here there is an ingenious arrangement of double bellows which breathe gas from the mains into your home. These bellows work alternately, and their in and out movement is transmitted, by means of rods, to a series of dials—you can see them on the front of your meter—which tell you how much gas you have used. The rods are also linked to valves which control the flow of gas into the bellows.

After the gas has passed through the bellows chamber, it goes out to your cooker or heater through the pipe on the right—but, of course, no gas comes through until you turn on the taps inside the house.

## HOW IS COKE MADE?



Charles Watts, of Taunton, wins a Book Token for this question.

When raw coal is brought to the gasworks, it is fed into enclosed chambers or ovens, known as retorts. Then it is "baked," that is, subjected to a high temperature (1,000° C.).

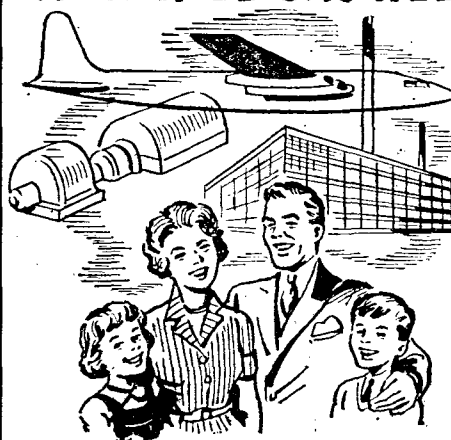
The coal softens, and gas, tar, sulphur and ammonia are driven off in the form of a thick, brown smoke. This smoke then passes in a continuous process through various apparatus where the chemical products are extracted and the gas is cleaned and purified for home and factory use.

The residue left behind in the retorts is coke, and after being discharged into waiting trucks (as in our illustration) it is cooled, and taken to a special place where it is cleaned and graded into appropriate sizes for use in home, in factories and on the farm.

Over 15 million tons of coke and breeze (the name given to small coke) are produced each year by the gas industry. It is a very efficient and economical fuel and is used for many different purposes. Here are just some of them: central heating, fires in the home, boilers in laundries, industrial drying and heating, iron smelting, greenhouse heating, crop drying, gas-making, steam generation in electric power stations.

Coke has all the advantages of solid fuel, besides being light, clean, smokeless and long-burning. It is one more way in which Mr. Therm makes the wheels of life go round.

## HOW WILL GAS HELP IN THIS ATOMIC AGE?



A two-guinea Book Token has been sent to Christopher Livesey for this question.

Without Mr. Therm, we should find it difficult to make the best use of nuclear energy in the coming atomic age. For in literally thousands of ways, gas contributes to industrial progress.

Tar alone, for example, is helping to make our roads fit to take the heavy traffic of the 20th Century. It also makes printing ink and sheep dip. The chemical industry use coal-tar as the source of an enormous variety of substances, including synthetic perfumes and flavourings, dyestuffs, synthetic resins, antiseptics, and preservatives and, of course, man-made materials, of which the most famous is nylon.

Plastic materials of all sorts—derived from coal—will play a key part in atomic development. Already plastic materials have replaced wood in a number of domestic fittings and are used in all kinds of everyday articles, from ash-trays and radio cabinets to the insulation of enormous electrical machines. In not too many years from now, we shall probably find that plastics have completely replaced natural raw materials in the home and in factories.

And the atomic world of to-morrow will be a clean world thanks to Mr. Therm's development of smokeless fuels. The pall of smoke and soot that has spoiled so many of our lovely towns and villages will disappear, and Britain will be a much healthier place—thanks to Mr. Therm.

**When it's a question of Happy Homes—GAS gives the right answer every time**



# Picasso at the Tate Gallery



Girl with Bare Feet

The Arts Council's exhibition of Picasso paintings now to be seen at the Tate Gallery, London, lasts until 18th September.

Beyond doubt, the name of Pablo Picasso is certainly the most outstanding in the world of art during the present century.

The exhibition displays 269 paintings from the time of his boyhood till the present. His *Girl with Bare Feet*, for instance, was painted when he was 14.

Born in the old Spanish city of Malaga in 1881, Picasso was the son of an artist who eventually took a post as professor at the Barcelona Academy. It was during his parents' stay there that Picasso painted *The Soler Family*. Senor Soler was a tailor who used to make the artist suits in return for paintings and this family picnic scene was one of them.

Most of Picasso's life has been spent in France and it was while in Paris that he painted the *Portrait Of Nusch*, the vivacious wife of his friend Paul Eluard, the poet.

*The Cat Eating a Bird*, dating from just before the coming of war in 1939, seems to express a sense of the outburst of cruelty and disaster which was then so near.

Picasso, a very versatile artist, is famous also for his ceramics and stage sets.



The Soler Family

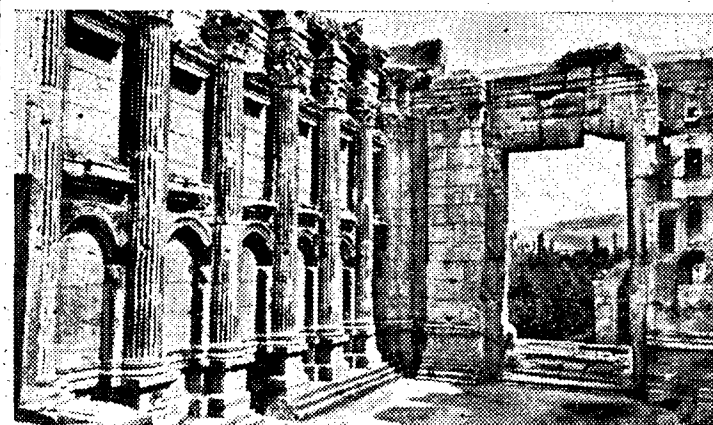


Cat Eating a Bird



Portrait of Nusch

## Playing Shakespeare in a Roman temple at Baalbek



The Temple of Bacchus at Baalbek

This week audiences in the Lebanon and Greece will be attending performances on two sites famous in Classical times.

On Wednesday and the three following evenings Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Comedy of Errors* will be played against a background of wonderful ruins of the Roman Temple of Bacchus in the ancient city of Baalbek, in Lebanon.

The plays will be presented by the Bristol Old Vic company, who will fly to Lebanon two days beforehand, taking their costumes with them. Except for balconies for scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*, there will be no scenery other than the ruins. It is interesting to remember that the scene of *The Comedy of Errors* is laid in

Ephesus, another city of the Ancient Roman Empire.

During the rest of the festival, which continues until the 30th of August, there will be concerts by well-known German and French orchestras, and programmes of Lebanese folk songs and dancing.

This will be the fifth Festival of Baalbek, where the Phoenicians worshipped Baal, and the Romans later built the magnificent temples of Bacchus and Jupiter—magnificent still, even in decay.

Meanwhile, in the ancient open-air theatre of Herodes Atticus at the foot of the Acropolis, the Athens Festival will be opening on 29th July. In this wonderful setting there will be seven weeks of ballet, concerts by world-famous orchestras and, of course, the tragedies and comedies of Ancient Greece.

## Big scheme for a big canal

During the latter part of the 18th century many canals were built throughout our land. But in the 19th and 20th centuries, speedier methods of transport caused these waterways to fall into disuse. Some are happily used by holidaymakers, but most are now little more than stretches of stagnant water.

But Mr. John Pownall, a civil engineer of Cardiff, still feels that canals can play a big part in our everyday life. He has a plan, which he began 27 years ago, for a vast canal system which would cover 1,400 miles of Britain, relieve our crowded roads and help

farmers who were short of water. The plan has roused the interest of M.P.s., and the other day Mr. Pownall was invited to the House of Commons to explain his £500,000,000 scheme to an all-party group.

His great waterway, which he calls the Grand Contour Canal, would be 100 feet wide and 17 feet deep; it would be navigable by barges carrying loads of as much as 1,500 tons, and at a speed of 15 m.p.h. The waterway could also improve our water supply by using smaller channels to divert water to areas in need.

## VERY THICK ICE

The greatest measured depth of Antarctica's ice cap is two-and-a-half miles, and the whole of it consists of 6,700,000 cubic miles of ice. Central Antarctica is a frozen ocean with ice estimated to be 100,000 years old on its bed.

These figures were given to the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences not long ago, by the Russian scientist, Grigory Avsyuk. Speaking of the

White South's glaciers he said that ice in their centres takes hundreds of thousands of years to reach the sea. He pointed out that eastern Antarctica can be regarded as a continent. "We cannot be so sure of the western part," he went on, "it may be an archipelago of large islands, covered by ice."



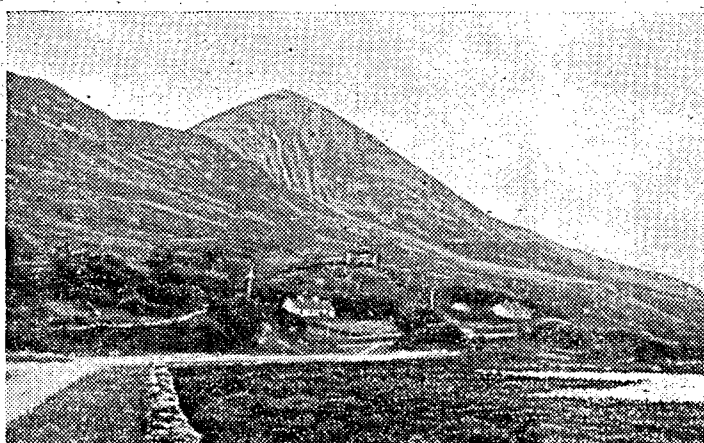
# Up the mountain for the sake of St. Patrick

A long file of pilgrims will make their way next Sunday to the summit of a curious conical mountain called Croagh Patrick, which rises in isolation from the shores of Clew Bay in the far west of Ireland.

What will take so many people on such a mission? Croagh Patrick, 2,510 feet high, is no easy climb, despite the fact that hundreds of people climbing it on this day every year have carved a well-defined track up its rocky shoulder.

Saint Patrick is said to have fasted on the tiny plateau at the top for 40 days and from there to have banished all venomous reptiles from Ireland. Every time the saint rang his bell he threw it down the precipice of Lugnanarrib and with it went a host of serpents and toads. As often as he threw the bell down it was hurried back to him by ministering angels until all reptiles were banished forever.

Over the years this ancient tradition has made Croagh Patrick the Holy Mountain of Ireland, and Garland Sunday, the last in July, is an annual occasion for pilgrimage. Climbing doggedly among the host of younger people



Croagh Patrick, The Holy Mountain, seen from the north-east.

will be many a middle-aged Irishman, with cloth cap well pulled down, stout stick to help him over the rough stones, and raincoat slung over his shoulder lest a soaking grey mist should come sweeping in from the Atlantic. Following the example of the saint, some of the pilgrims will be barefoot.

When they congregate at the summit cairn the pilgrims will have a magnificent prospect around them if the day be clear, for the very isolation of the peak

makes it a breath-taking viewpoint. Looking west, they will see the Atlantic rolling away over the horizon. Southwards will be wild mountain country and the famous "Twelve Pins" of Connemara.

However, the weather has little effect on numbers. Whether the day be wet or fine hundreds of pilgrims will set forth from the nearby little town of Westport, and take the steep path up the Holy Mountain to celebrate this traditional achievement of their patron saint.

# Edinburgh's Museum of Childhood

Would you like to see what sort of magazines were read by your parents, grandparents, even great-grandparents, when they were children? Would you like to see what sort of dolls girls played with fifty or a hundred years ago, and compare them, on the spot, with dolls of today from all over the world?

Well, Edinburgh children can see these things, and thousands of

other items connected with childhood, whenever they like, at the fascinating Museum of Childhood in Hyndford's Close, off the Royal Mile.

This museum was started, quite casually, just over four years ago. It happened at a meeting of a Museums Committee of Edinburgh Town Council, when it was reported that two historic dolls had been sent to a museum in

England "because there was no suitable place in Scotland."

"That's disgraceful," said the chairman, Councillor Patrick Murray. "Why haven't we got a museum for these things?"

"Why don't you start one yourself?" said a member.

"All right," said the chairman, "I will."

He was as good as his word. He had collected all sorts of things himself as a boy—cigarette cards, matchboxes, magazines, toy soldiers—and these formed the nucleus of the museum, which is now an Edinburgh Corporation establishment, with Councillor Murray as honorary curator.

For two years it was housed in Lady Stair's House, farther up the Royal Mile, but more and more gifts kept coming in, and in 1958 the Museum moved to Hyndford's Close. There were 2,000 visitors that year. Last year there were 11,000, about half of whom were children.

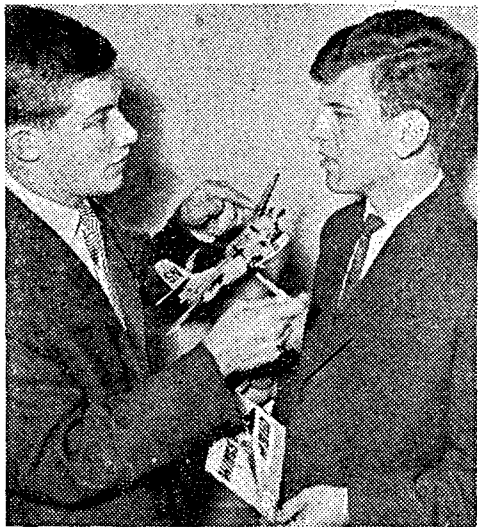
There are over 12,000 exhibits now, ranging from the clothes (often uncomfortable) they used to wear, to the "improving" books (mostly dull) which they used to read in Victorian times. There are wooden toys, such as a Russian ninepins of 1885; a Czech "Zoo"; paper cut-outs of 100 years ago; construction sets; and the most puzzling of puzzles and games galore.

If you go to Edinburgh this year, make a point of visiting this Museum of Childhood. It is well worth seeing.

# WINGS OF SPEED

Readers interested in man's conquest of the air will be glad to see a new series of 24 picture cards called Wings of Speed and showing record-breaking aircraft. The cards, carried in packets of Lyons tea, show famous planes from Bleriot's 46 m.p.h. monoplane to the 1,300 m.p.h. Convaif F-106 Delta Dart.

An illustrated album full of facts and figures is issued at the same time, obtainable from grocers and self-service stores priced 6d. Boys and girls who collect a complete set in an album qualify for a build-it-yourself kit, at less than half



# AIRPORT HOSTEL FOR ANIMAL PASSENGERS

London Airport has a remarkable building which few passengers know about—the animal hostel.

Since it first opened in 1952 nearly four million animals, birds, and insects have stayed for a night or more in it. All have been awaiting collection either by owners in Britain or by the various airlines for transport overseas. The biggest guests ever in transit were some elephants destined for an American circus. The smallest were some spiders for a laboratory.

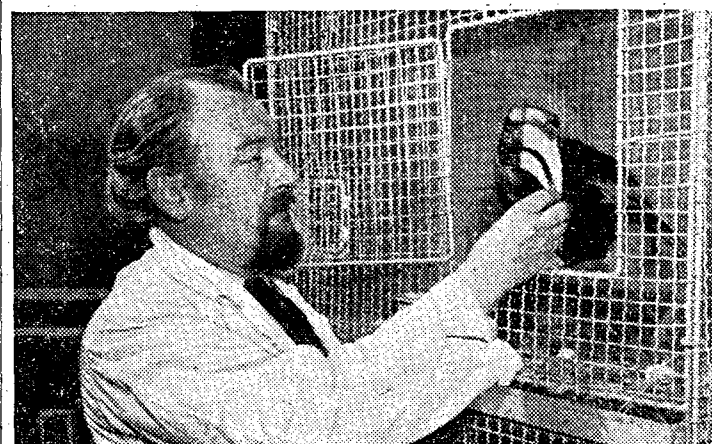
"But no matter what type of creature arrives we can feed it with the right food and keep it in the sort of temperature it's used to living in," is the proud boast of the deputy manager of the hostel, which has a staff of three men and eight girls. All are

employed by the R.S.P.C.A., which also pays for the running of the hostel.

Though most of the animals pass through in a matter of hours some stay for as long as a week.

The staff have found that most animals travel well by air—even racehorses and dogs. In any case two veterinary officers are always on call, for a 24-hour service is maintained.

The hostel with its up-to-date surgery, thermostat-controlled heating, covered loading-bay, and draught-proof pens for larger animals, has an air of hospital-like efficiency. The staff are doing a very well worthwhile job of great service to some 84,000 creatures passing through the hostel each month.



Titbit for a travelling Toucan



Loading bay of the R.S.P.C.A. hostel at London Airport



Two hostel guests—big Alsatian and small bear

Photographs by courtesy of B.O.A.C.



# Bison of the Polish forests

WHEN I was in Poland recently, I saw some of the last remaining specimens of the European bison, which the Poles are gradually building up into a free-ranging herd in the forest of Bialowieza, one of its last haunts as a wild animal.

Many of my readers will have seen this bison at the London Zoo or at Woburn Park in Bedfordshire, but unfortunately these specimens are not completely pure-bred, being descended in part from hybrids between the European and North American bison.

In former centuries the European bison ranged over the woodlands of the whole Continent, but by about a hundred years ago it had become very much reduced in numbers, and was known as a wild animal only from the Bialowieza Forest in Poland. Here it was reserved as a hunting ground for the Tsar of Russia, Poland at that time being a part of the Tsar's dominions.

## Ravages of war

In 1803, when this game reserve was set up, there were only 300 bison in it. By 1860 there were 1,500, but ten years later devastation of the herds during the Polish revolt of 1863 had reduced the numbers to 500, and by the outbreak of the First World War in 1914 there were still only 750 bison there.

The First World War brought final disaster to the wild bison of Bialowieza, and they were all killed during or soon after the war. By 1921 there were none left.

Meantime, another herd of wild



A European bison in a Moscow game reservation

European bison had been discovered in the remote forests of the Caucasus. In the mid 1880s they were estimated to number 1,000, but poaching and war again reduced their numbers, so that by the time an official nature reserve was set up for them in 1924, none could be found by the responsible authorities. It is believed that the last survivor of this herd, and so the last genuinely wild European bison, was not killed till 1927.

However, there were still many European bison in zoos in various parts of the world, and an International Society for the Protection of the European Bison was founded to preserve the breed. This rescue operation was well under way when the Second World War broke out, and once more imperilled the survival of the pure-bred European bison.

Almost all the bison remaining in Germany were killed during the war, but those in Holland and Poland survived. The Poles in particular were able carefully to build up their bison population from 57 head in 1949 to 132 at the present day, and as I mentioned above they are now in a position to release some from their enclosures into the open forest (which is part of a National Park) so that they can re-establish themselves as wild animals.

The European bison differs from the American bison in several ways. To start with, it is a woodland animal, whereas the American bison is adapted to life on the open prairies. The European bison also has a smaller head, a more sharply ridged back, and less horizontal and pointed horns.

RICHARD FITTER

# ON RECORD

## New discs to note

**MIKE PRESTON:** *Four Songs By Ray Noble* on Decca DFE 6635. This young singer, who has also been a successful boxer and a cartoon cameraman, is a talented musician. These songs by the famous composer Ray Noble require thought and technique, both of which young Mike provides. (EP. 10s. 11½d.)

**ANDRES SEGOVIA:** *Golden Jubilee Album—Volume 1* on Brunswick AXTL1088. The Golden Jubilee represented here celebrates the 50th anniversary of Segovia's first concert. Segovia began playing the guitar in public at the age of 14, and within a few years he was world-famous. He has chosen pieces by Rodrigo and Ponce for the first volume in a three-part album, and in this first volume he also includes a recorded message to commemorate the occasion. (LP. 38s. 1½d.)

**VAUGHAN WILLIAMS:** *Job* on Top Rank 35/068. Vaughan Williams described this as "a masque for dancing" and it did in fact become the foundation for a very fine ballet. The score tells the story of Job, his trials and his eventual triumph. The music conjures up pictures of the Devil and of Job's comforters, imitated by swooping saxophones. It is a fine work which needs to be heard many times before its full impact can be felt. Sir Adrian Boult conducts the London Philharmonic Orchestra. (LP. 35s.)

**ADELE LEIGH:** *Vilia; One Day When We Were Young; Something Wonderful; and One Kiss*, on Philips BBE 12379. Miss Leigh's previous records have been operatic, but, particularly through her television appearances, she is winning new admirers among those who enjoy musical comedy. This is a particularly well chosen selection of songs, including both old and new favourites. (EP. 12s. 3d.)

**JERRY ALLEN** and his Trio: on Top Rank BUY/050. Jerry Allen and his trio have become popular with everyone through their many television appearances, and if you are at home during lunchtime you will be familiar with the tune

**Lunch Boxer.** The bouncy rhythm of the electric organ maintains a cheerful mood throughout this foot-tapping record. (LP. 22s.)



## NORTH-WEST PASSAGE—Henry Hudson's great voyages (1)

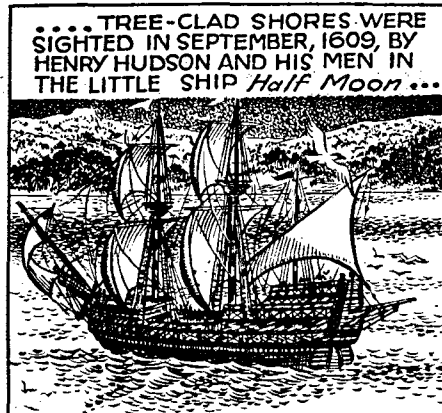
Like many other people of his time, Henry Hudson believed there was a northern route to the East Indies. After two attempts to find one via the

Arctic Ocean, he set out in 1609 to find a North-West Passage. Rumours of what Indians had said about vast stretches of water in North America

(really the Great Lakes) gave him the idea that there was a way through the continent from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific Ocean.



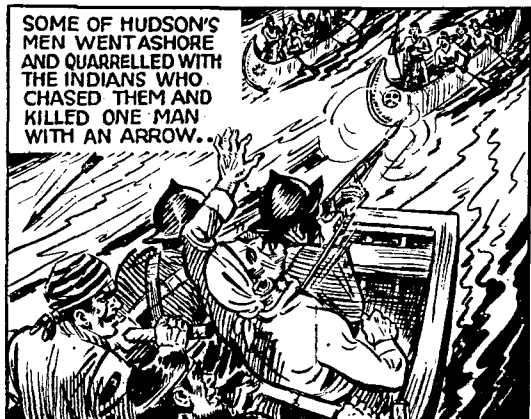
WHERE THE SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK STAND TODAY...



...TREE-CLAD SHORES WERE SIGHTED IN SEPTEMBER, 1609, BY HENRY HUDSON AND HIS MEN IN THE LITTLE SHIP *Half Moon*...



A PARTY OF INDIANS CAME OUT TO THE *Half Moon* IN CANOES. THEY WERE VERY FRIENDLY AND OFFERED TOBACCO AND MAIZE IN EXCHANGE FOR KNIVES AND BEADS...



SOME OF HUDSON'S MEN WENT ASHORE AND QUARRELLED WITH THE INDIANS WHO CHASED THEM AND KILLED ONE MAN WITH AN ARROW.



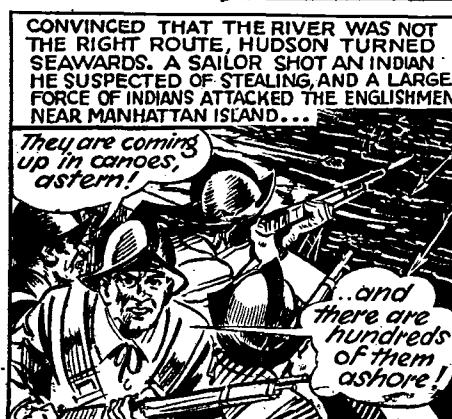
HUDSON REBUKED HIS MEN AND SET OFF AGAIN ON HIS QUEST...

They are friendly people. If we use them well, we need not fear them!



THEY SAILED ABOUT 130 MILES UP THE RIVER, LATER NAMED AFTER HUDSON, AND MET MANY MORE FRIENDLY INDIANS. THE CAPTAIN INVITED SOME OF THE CHIEFS TO DINNER...

Treating Savages like Christians!



CONVINCED THAT THE RIVER WAS NOT THE RIGHT ROUTE, HUDSON TURNED SEAWARDS. A SAILOR SHOT AN INDIAN HE SUSPECTED OF STEALING, AND A LARGE FORCE OF INDIANS ATTACKED THE ENGLISHMEN NEAR MANHATTAN ISLAND...

They are coming up in canoes, astern!

...and there are hundreds of them ashore!

WHAT FATE AWAITS THE FIRST ENGLISHMEN TO EXPLORE THE HUDSON? SEE NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT



# A thrilling serial story of smuggling 150 years ago THE HOUSE OF BLUE DRAGONS

by Geoffrey Trease

It is 1807. Andrew and Sarah Hunt have gone to live in the little Dorset town of Midport, where their father has become vicar. In the middle of the night they hear ghostly noises in the churchyard. Andrew creeps out to investigate.

## 6. "Better not tell father!"

THE darkness was not quite so complete as it had seemed when he had peered down through the glass of the bedroom window.

Either his eyes were becoming used to it, or perhaps the time was later than he had realised. Perhaps the early Summer dawn was near at hand.

Anyhow, he could now see the tombstones just in front of him, vague and dim against the gloom. And suddenly he saw the figure in white.

Andrew was never so frightened in his life, before or after.

It had been easy enough to laugh and say he did not believe in ghosts. This was enough to change anyone's opinion.

The figure was shrouded in white. It was tall—unnaturally tall. For it was as tall as a big man, even without its head.

Even without its head! A scream of horror sprang to the boy's lips. But it was as though his vocal chords had been seized by sudden paralysis. No sound came. He crouched there behind a gravestone, unable to move or utter a cry.

It was not, strictly, a headless figure. It had its head, all right. That was the most blood-freezing part about it. As the figure turned, Andrew saw that it was carrying its head, casually, like a basket, at the end of one shrouded arm. The two eyes shone in the bony sockets with a pale, yellow-green light.

He could not meet that unearthly stare. He dropped on to his knees in the dew-soaked grass, shutting his eyes tight, and pressing his face against the cold stone. At any moment he expected to feel the hand of death upon the nape of his neck.

In the distance a cock crowed. He felt nothing. Nothing but

the clammy stone against his hot cheek, the wetness of the ground soaking through his breeches.

Again the cock crowed. There were no more mysterious sounds. No hollow, rhythmic rumbling. No clank of chains. Just a faint rustle in the trees, no more than a sigh, passing through the graveyard and fading. The breeze of dawn.

He opened his eyes with immense relief. Of course! Dawn! Dawn was the time when evil spirits lost their power and went back to their own place. All the old stories said so. It came into Shakespeare's old play, *Hamlet*.

Shivering, he scrambled to his feet. Yes, the sky was a little lighter now. The church tower stood out, black and bold, against the paler east. He looked right and left. The tombs, the cypresses and yew-trees, stood in their accustomed places. Nothing moved anywhere. He was alone.

"Andy!"

He spun round, startled.

It was his sister, half-dressed, like himself, and her hair just as wild.



He crouched there behind a gravestone, unable to move or utter a cry.

"I couldn't stand it any longer," Sarah explained. "I simply had to come and see what had—"

"What did you see?" he interrupted hoarsely.

"Nothing." She looked surprised at his manner.

"Nothing?"

"I thought I saw the light once—the corpse-light or whatever it was."

"No figure?"

"Was there a figure?"

"There certainly was a figure," said Andrew. He shuddered again, either at the memory or because of the chilly breeze which had sprung up. "Come back into the house," he said quickly. "I'll tell you."

Neither of them was sorry to

get inside the back door of the vicarage, turn the key and slide back the bolts, and steal up to Andrew's bedroom again. When he had told his story, she said:

"I didn't see anything like that! I'm glad I didn't."

"You do believe me?"

"Of course. I wouldn't see more than the light, I expect, at this distance. Anyhow, that must have been just the time I'd gone to my own room to put some more clothes on."

"I did see it," said Andrew doggedly. "As long as you don't say I'm making it up, or fancying things—"

"Of course not! There must be an explanation," she mused, knitting her brow.

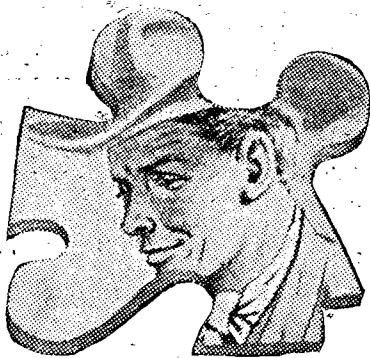
Continued on page 10

# Free from Heinz!

## SUPER WESTERN JIGSAW PUZZLE!

A new day dawns in the West—and cowboys prepare themselves for a busy day ahead. This means saddling the horses, cleaning and loading the rifles—and, of course, cooking the famous Cowboy's Breakfast of Baked Beans and bacon over the camp-fire.

This is the theme of a super Western jigsaw puzzle which Heinz will give you free. There are approximately 80 interlocking pieces and it measures 6½ in. x 8½ in.



### Here's how to get your free jigsaw puzzle!

1. Save the labels from 2 cans of Heinz Baked Beans or Curried Beans or Beans with Pork Sausages (any size).

2. Fill in the form, writing your name and address clearly in block letters.

3. Send the labels and the form to H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd. at the address opposite.

Available in U.K. only. This offer closes 31st August.

**HEINZ** 57 Baked Beans

To: H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 754, 88 Blackfriars Road, London S.E.1

Please send me the Heinz Western jigsaw puzzle. I enclose 2 labels from Heinz Beans cans.

NAME.....  
(Block letters, please)

ADDRESS.....  
(Block letters, please)

.....

.....



10  
WORLD OF STAMPS

# Men of music for your album

HUNGARY is issuing an attractive series of stamps showing the portraits of famous men and women. Some of them are Hungarians, but two recent additions to the series show men known the world over.

One honours Garibaldi, the Italian hero who, a century ago, helped to weld the different Italian States into a united kingdom. The other, pictured here, portrays Beethoven, the great composer.



The issue marks the opening of a season of concerts of Beethoven's music at the Hungarian town of Martonvasar.

From the United States comes news that two stamps are to be issued in October in honour of another famous musician, the Polish pianist Jan Paderewski.

After the First World War, Poland became an independent republic and Paderewski became the first President. His portrait

has already appeared on a Polish stamp, but the American stamps will be the first foreign issues to honour his memory.

MEANWHILE, a steady flow of stamps comes from the newly independent countries of Africa. Madagascar, the former French colony which became the Malagasy Republic on 26th June, has produced a long series featuring the island's industries.

Among them are the cultivation of cotton, pepper, and sisal, for rope-making. Four of the new stamps depict some of the beautiful butterflies to be found in the country.

Ghana, which became a Republic within the British Commonwealth on 1st July, issued four special stamps in celebration. One of them (pictured on the right) shows Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, who is Ghana's Prime Minister and also the country's first President.



FINALLY, from Czechoslovakia comes a stamp in honour of the International Red Cross. It shows a girl member of the Czechoslovak Red Cross move-

ment, holding in her hands a dove, the universal symbol of peace.



A READER who has just begun to collect stamps asked me recently what is meant by the "approvals" mentioned in many stamp dealers' advertisements. Perhaps other readers are puzzled by this, so let me explain what they are.

When you write to a dealer to ask for approvals, he will send you a booklet containing stamps, each marked with its price. You may keep the booklet for ten or fourteen days and during that time you can decide which stamps you would like to buy for your own collection.

Having taken out the stamps you have chosen, you then return the booklet containing the rest of the stamps, enclosing a postal order to pay for those you have kept.

Of course, you should tell your parents when you wish to write for approvals, and always mention in your letter the kind of stamps you prefer, or the countries in which you are most interested, so that the dealer knows what to send on approval.

C. W. HILL

## THE HOUSE OF BLUE DRAGONS

Continued from page 9

"That's what father would say. A perfectly natural explanation," Andrew mimicked their father. Sarah stifled a giggle. She was relieved to see that her brother was more his old self again. He had seemed so badly shaken when she had first joined him in the churchyard. It had been quite frightening.

"Are you going to tell father?" she asked.

"Do you think we should?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"Let's see what sort of a mood he's in. We'll have to choose our moment a bit carefully. Poor father's got a lot on his mind just now."

### Worried about father

The faint shadow overhanging the vicarage, which they had both noticed on the evening of their arrival, had not grown any lighter in the past week. Both children knew enough of a clergyman's work to understand that taking over a new parish must involve a lot of extra business, and of course there was the school as well. But the school was closed now for the Summer holidays, so surely that did not count? And Mr. Hunt was not afraid of hard work. He had been looking forward to his duties at Midport.

Why, then, did he so often look worried and angry?

When they saw him before breakfast, at family prayers, the children exchanged warning glances. His face looked tired and drawn, as though he had not slept well. Later, at table, they noticed that their mother was watching him anxiously.

Andrew wondered if his father had been disturbed by the mysterious happenings during the night. He decided it was most unlikely. Only the children's bedrooms looked down on the churchyard. And if his father had heard noises or seen ghostly lights, he would have rushed out with a lantern in one hand and a stick in the other. Andrew had a great respect for his father's courage.

It would be better for the present, he decided, to let sleeping dogs lie. If he started worrying his father with tales of headless figures haunting the graveyard, it would only add to the general atmosphere of uneasiness.

They had just pushed back their chairs and said grace when Dora came in.

"Yes, Dora, you can clear now," said Mrs. Hunt.

"Yes'm. Please, though, there's old Bannister waiting at the door. Wants to see Parson."

"Has he found that key?" asked Mr. Hunt sharply.

"He's holding a key in his hand, sir," Dora agreed, piling her tray with crockery. "Something about the crypt, he said."

"Thank goodness. About time, too! Do you know, my dear," said Mr. Hunt, turning to his wife, "I haven't yet been able to get into the crypt of my own church? They say it hasn't been used for years. All the same, it's part of the church and it's part of my responsibility. The sexton, if you please, couldn't find the key! Really, these Midport people—"

### Into the crypt

"Sh, dear!" said Mrs. Hunt, with a warning glance in Dora's direction. The children knew just what the glance meant. Their mother had impressed it upon them that a new parson and his family must not make enemies in the parish.

"Oh, well, he's found it now. Which is lucky! I warned him that if he didn't produce a key by this morning, I'd break the door down myself!"

"Well, don't keep him waiting, my dear."

"May we come and see the crypt, father?"

"Of course, Andy. You, too, if you like, Sarah. It may be very

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musty and dusty after being shut up all these years."

They went out and greeted the sexton, a jolly-looking, red-faced old man, with two tufts of woolly white hair flanking a shiny bald head.

"Here you are, Parson! Told you I'd find it. All in good time. All in good time."

He led the way across the churchyard. How different it all looked, thought Andrew, in the golden sunshine of an August morning, with the blue Channel hung like a curtain in the background!

The crypt was entered through a little outside door, sunk below the general level and reached by a few steps down. They filed in, even the children feeling an instinct to duck their heads.

"H'm, some fine Gothic arches," said their father, peering round in the dim light. "Not as musty as I expected—or as dusty. Considering how long it is since it was used."

"Oh," said old Bannister hurriedly, looking virtuous. "I swept round a bit, first thing, afore I stepped over to the Parsonage. Nothing much to see, though. Same as I told you. Naught of interest."

Andrew would not have agreed with him. He lingered in the crypt, sniffing thoughtfully like a bloodhound. When he followed the others into the sunshine outside, his expression told Sarah that he had noticed something very interesting indeed.

To be continued

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# PUZZLE PARADE

## Popular Times

My first is in huge but not in great,  
My second's in Tommy but not in Kate;  
My third is in London but not in York,  
My fourth is in lid but not in cork;  
My fifth is in side but not in pack,  
My sixth is in satchel and also in sack;  
My seventh's in windy but not in rough,  
My eighth is in strong but not in tough;  
My whole brings lots of games and fun,  
And is full of joy for everyone.

## Finding the number

ASK a friend to think of a number, but not to let you know what it is. Then tell him to take away one, and to double the remainder. From that figure he must take one and then add to the total the number he had chosen. When he has done so, ask him for the grand total and say that you will then be able to tell him the number he had chosen.

All you have to do is to add three to the figure he gives you and then to divide the total by three. The answer will give the number your friend had chosen.

## TONGUE TWISTER

TOM TYE tried his tie twice to tie,  
But, tugging too tight, tore the tie.  
Tom turned to Ted Tye,  
Then told Ted to try  
To tie the tie Tom tried to tie.

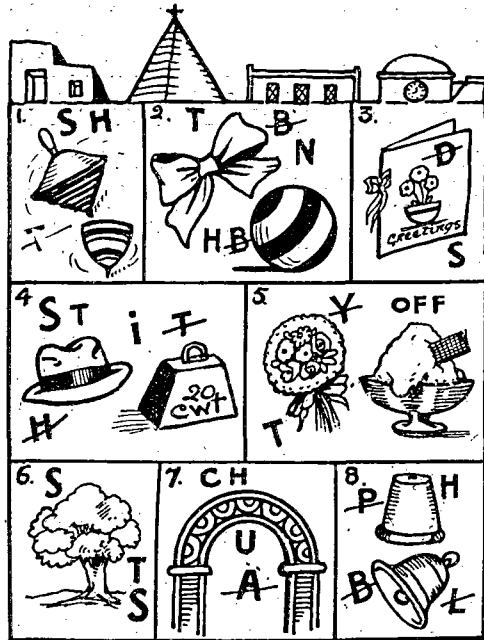
## Word Changing

CAN you change the word TAME into WILD in four stages, altering only one letter at a time?

## Jumbled dogs

The names of six dogs are given below, but the syllables have become mixed. Can you sort them out?

CORBOX; terlie; spancol; setgi; teriel; reirer.



## A game with colours

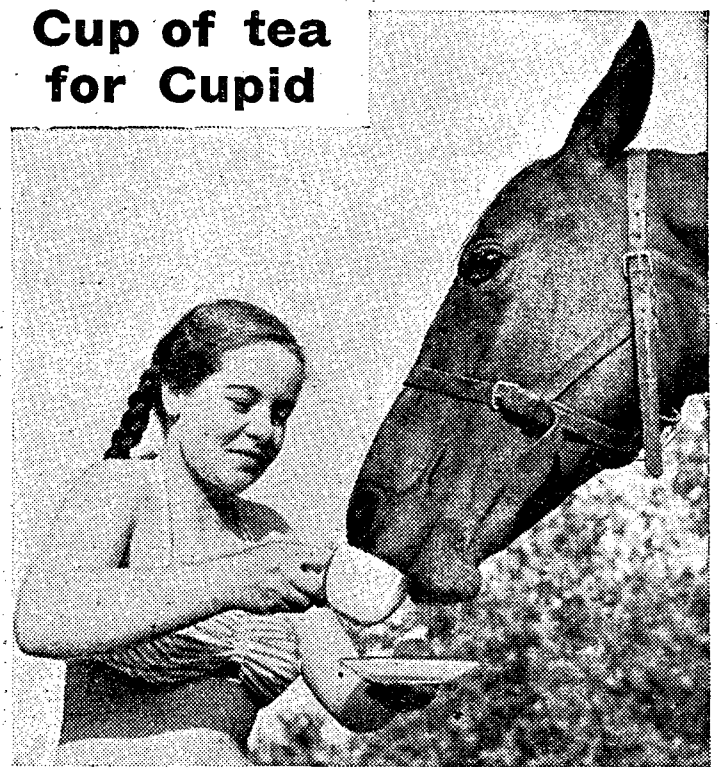
TO each player in turn give the name of a colour; then ask that player to name, within five seconds, three things which have that colour. For example: Green—grass, leaves, greenfinch. Any player who fails to "beat the time" is out.

You should have ready a list of as many colours as possible. But start the game with the more familiar colours, the more difficult ones being introduced as the number of players gradually gets smaller. The last player left in the game is the winner.

## Around the town

EACH picture is meant to suggest the name of something to be found in a town. How quickly can you find the names of all eight objects?

## Cup of tea for Cupid



Cupid, a yearling colt, enjoys a cup of tea with his owner's daughter, 11-year old Jane Winter of Westcott, near Dorking.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Popular times. Holidays. Word changing. Tame; tale; tile; wile; wild. Warriors of other days. A-4 Infantry (1742); B-5 Celt; C-6 Infantry (1815); D-2 Norman; E-7 Elizabethan; F-1 Roundhead; G-3 Roman. Jumbled dogs. Corgi; Boxer; Collie; Setter; Spaniel; Terrier. Around the town. 1 Shops; 2 Town Hall; 3 Cars; 4 Station; 5 Post office; 6 Streets; 7 Church; 8 Hotel.

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

COMET WEB  
OBE IDEAL  
SETTLE TO  
STEEPS W  
HELMICES  
A EPOCHS  
RE LATEST  
SWEET MEN  
HEM SPENT

## Long way round

GET your friends to draw a line which they think will equal in length the circumference of a sixpence. It will be surprising how far away from the correct length many of them will be.

## IN THE FOREST

THERE the trees grow tall,  
There the streams flow by,  
As the birds that call  
Flutter in the sky.  
There the small fish swim,  
In the glittering stream;  
There the flowers bloom  
As in a tranced dream.  
There the birds sing clear,  
They rend the air asunder:  
I am always near  
That glorious world of wonder.

Christine Moat, aged 10

## BILLY HAS HELP WITH THE WEEDING

DADDY was busy weeding when Billy came out. "Can I help you?" he asked.

Daddy looked rather doubtful. "Do you know the difference between a weed and a flower?" "Course I do," retorted Billy. "Flowers have coloured tops and weeds don't."

Daddy grinned. "Well, that's not quite true, but you can clear that section over by the fence—there are no flowers there at all." Billy took the trowel and began digging. Suddenly Rover came bounding into the garden. He skidded to a halt in front of Billy and growled.

"Now what's the matter with you?" said Billy, standing up.

Rover barked and began scraping at the ground with his paws. Then he stopped—and came away with a bone in his mouth.

"So that's the trouble," laughed Billy. "Oh, well, you've weeded this patch anyway."

He picked up the trowel and moved along to another patch. But no sooner had he started digging than Rover raced up, scratched away, and produced another bone.

Twice more that happened, and in no time all the weeding was finished.

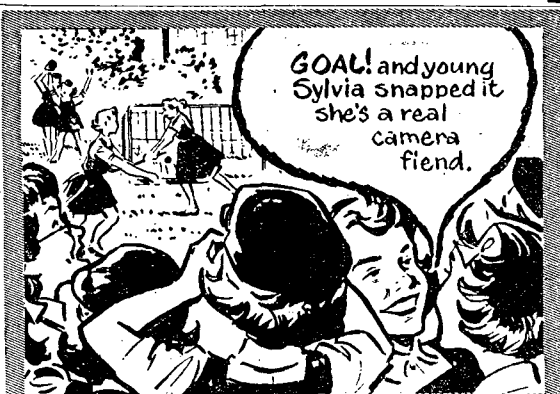
"Well, you certainly can't call Rover bone idle," said Daddy.

"No," agreed Billy. "He's garden-trained as well as house-trained."

## Warriors of other days



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## WORLD'S MODEL PLANES ON SHOW

MORE than 100 of the world's finest model aircraft will be airborne over Cranfield, Bedfordshire, this weekend when the world power duration championships will be held at the College of Aeronautics.

Twenty-one nations are taking part, most of them sending two or three competitors each flying one or two planes. Japan has entered two aircraft but these will be flown by other "pilots."

Held every other year, the championships were last won by Britain in 1956. D. Posner, who was second that year, is again in the British team.

The tests consist of five flights, each of which must last for a minimum of three minutes. In the event of more than one competitor achieving a "perfect score" of 15 minutes the contest then goes

on until only one plane is left.

The aircraft are powered by 2.5 c.c. internal combustion engines which can whip them up to about 1,500 feet in 15 seconds. At that point the engines are automatically cut and the planes glide slowly down to the ground.

To make sure that gusts of wind or air currents do not carry a machine too far from the airfield, the tail-plane is automatically tipped up—or a parachute is made to open—at the end of the three minutes.

This week's meeting is the second of three model plane championships being held this year. The radio-controlled machines were due to be put through their paces in Switzerland last week; and in September the control-line championships will be held in Hungary.

## Fund started for Louis Martin

THE people of Derby were so delighted at the news that Louis Martin, their local weight-lifting champion, had been chosen as a member of the British team for Rome that they started a fund so that he would not be out of pocket because of loss of wages.

Louis cannot receive the money, however, or he would be a professional and thus ineligible to take part in the Games. Instead, he has suggested that the money be sent to local clubs for improving and renewing equipment and facilities.

Born in Kingston, Jamaica, Louis is now an electrician. Last year he had to scrimp and save so that he could go to Warsaw for the world championships. It was very worthwhile, however, for he returned with the middle heavy-weight title, the first time a weight-lifting title had been won by a Briton.

Louis Martin will have two more West Indians as team-mates—Blair Blenman, from Barbados, who works as a London bus driver; and Sylvanus Blackman, a guard at Paddington Station, who also came from Barbados.

The team is completed by Phil Cairn of Kirkcaldy, Empire Games title holder and six times British light heavyweight champion and bantamweight Alan Robinson, of Chorley.

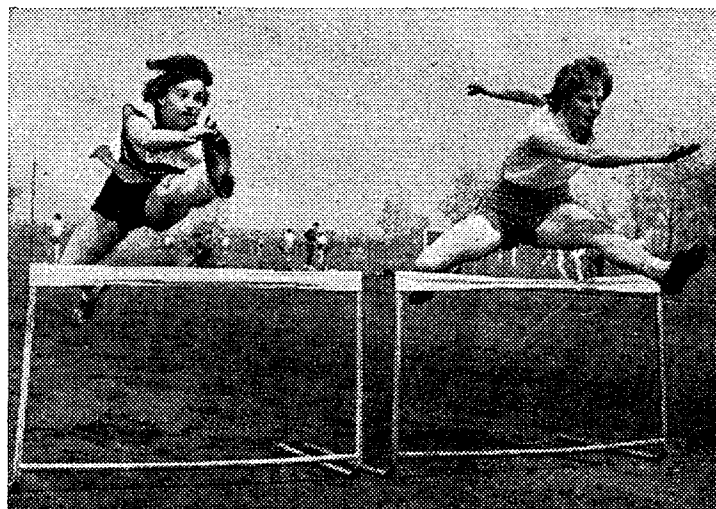
## OLYMPIC SCRAPBOOK

ALTHOUGH the preliminary selection for the Australian swimming team has already been made, the final choice will not be made until after next week's trials. Two of the selectors to name the team will be watching the trials and the third will be in London—in touch with the other two by telephone.

A VILLAGE on stilts has been built for the accommodation of competitors. Divided into about 1,500 flats and 8,000 rooms, the houses will afterwards be used by the Italian civil service.

THREE brothers, Gordon, Julian, and Eric Pearce, have been chosen for the Australian hockey team. They are following in the footsteps of elder brothers Melvyn and Cecil, who have also represented Australia in international hockey.

## FULL SPEED OVER



Two promising young hurdlers of Croydon Harriers, 14-year-old Diane Lashwood (left) and Gillian Powell, 17, in action at the Sports Arena, Croydon, Surrey.

## 100-mile sea trip in open canoes

AUSTRALIAN Aborigines will cross the 100 miles of open sea from Bathurst Island to Darwin next month in dug-out canoes. Each canoe will carry four Aborigines.

They will compete in races to be held in Darwin Harbour as part of the Northern Territory Centenary celebrations.

Aboriginal boat-builders in the Territory are now patiently carving out their racing canoes from cedar and cotton-wood trees for the big day. Their ancestors used stone axes for canoe making, but the modern Aborigine has a sharp steel adze.

## Learner becomes champion in three months

THREE months before she entered the London Schools junior discus championships, 13-year-old Kathryn Duckett of Earlsfield, south London, had never even thrown a discus in a competition. But she not only won the title she set up a new record.

Kathryn is the Surrey Junior shot-put champion and, according to coach Reg Bale, is a great prospect for the future. She was disappointed when she discovered that the shot was not included in the London Schools meeting, but her gym mistress persuaded her to try discus-throwing.

The gym mistress is well able to judge ability in field events, for she is the wife of Colin Smith, British javelin record-holder.

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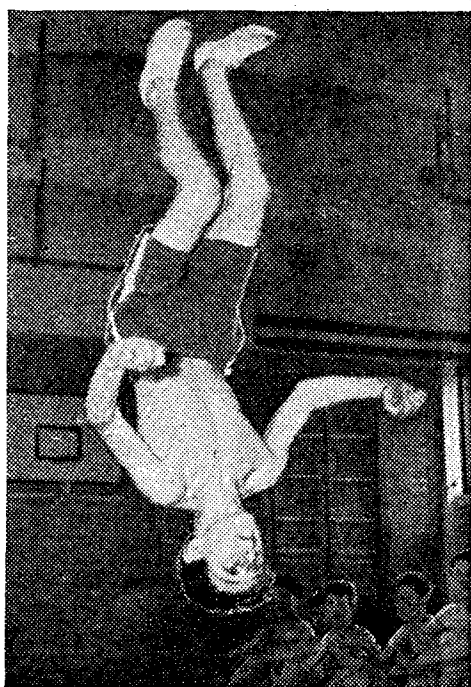
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## HEELS OVER HEAD

The camera has caught 14-year-old Geoffrey Marks of the Whitefield County Secondary School, in north-west London, in the very middle of a back somersault in the gym.



## CRICKETERS FROM BERMUDA

THE first cricket team from Bermuda ever to play in Britain is due to arrive in London next week. They will play eight matches against clubs in the London area.

Each player has paid his own expenses—about £250—and some of them have been spending their spare time doing a variety of odd

jobs to raise money for the trip.

Five of the players are coloured members of the Somerset and St. George's clubs. These clubs meet annually in a two-day match and provide one of Bermuda's greatest sports attractions. More than 10,000 spectators watch the game—and both days are declared public holidays.

## ALL-ROUND ALFIE.

